Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd, I told him of the army that was landed, he smild at it; I told him you were coming, his answere was the worse; of *Gloſters* treacherie, and of the loyall seruice of his sonne when I enform'd him, then hee cald me sott, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out; what hee should most desire seemes pleasant to him, what like offensiue.

Gon. Then shall you goe no further,
It is the cowish curre of his spirit
That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs
Which tie him to an answere; our wishes on the way
May proue effects; backe *Edgar* to my brother,
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers,
I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe
Into my husbands hands; this trusty seruant
Shall passe betweene vs; ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,
Decline your head; this kisse if it durst speake
Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre;
Conceaue, and far you well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

Gon. My most deere *Gloſter*, to thee womans seruices
My foote vsurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistle. (rude wind

Alb. O *Gonorel*, you are not worth the dust which the
Blowes in your face, I feare your dispositon
That nature which contemnes it origin
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe;
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,
Filths sauor but themselues, what haue you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man

Whose

Whose reuerence euen the head-lu
Most barbarous, most degenerate
Could my good brother suffer yo
A man, a Prince, by him so benifi
If that the heauens doe not their v
Send quickly downe to tame the
Humanity must perforce pray on it

Gon. Milke liuerd man
That bearest a cheeke for blows, a
Who hast not in thy browes an ey
From thy suffering, that not know
Who are punisht ere they haue do
Wher's thy drum? *France* spreds hi
With plumed helme, thy slayer b
Whil's thou a morall foole sits st
Alack why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe deuill, prope
fiend so horid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole!

Alb. Thou changed, and selfe
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't
To let these hands obay my blou
They are apt enough to dissecate
Thy flesh and bones; how ere the
A womans shape doth shield the

Gon. Marry your manhood n

Alb. What newes.

Gent. O my good Lord the Du
his seruant, going to put out the

Alb. Gloſters eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he bred th
Oppos'd against the act, bendin
To his great maister, who therea
Flew on him, and amongst them
But not without that harmefull s
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are abo
That these our nether crimes so sp

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